

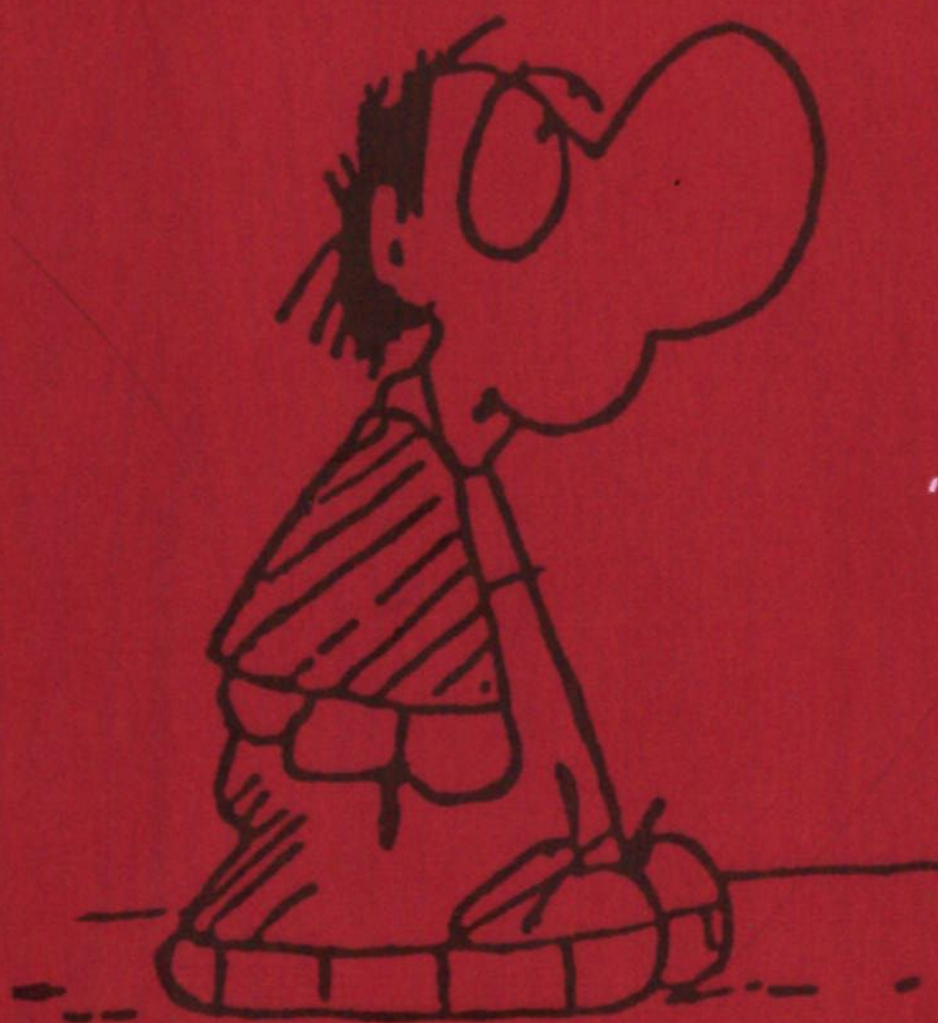
ARNOLD

A NEW MUSICAL CARTOON

Based on the Cartoon Characters of Kevin McCormick

Book & Lyrics By: R. EUGENE JACKSON

Music By: DAVID J. BLACKBURN



PIONEER DRAMA SERVICE

DENVER, COLORADO

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PIONEER DRAMA SERVICE
DENVER, COLORADO

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

- Scene 1 -- Classroom at Central Middle School
- Scene 2 -- Stage of the school auditorium, a few days later
- Scene 3 -- The classroom, a few hours later
- Scene 4 -- School auditorium, later
- Scene 5 -- The classroom, later

ACT TWO

- Scene 1 -- The classroom, several days later
- Scene 2 -- School auditorium, the next day
- Scene 3 -- The classroom, a few days later

SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

Overture	Orchestra
Get Away From Me	Arnold, Tommy, Heather, Mr. Lester, Chorus
Remember the Teachers	Mr. Lester, Chorus of Teachers
Doomed	Arnold, Chorus

ACT TWO

Entracte	Orchestra
Hallway Hostilities	Arnold, Tommy, Heather, Mr. Lester, Chorus
The Interrogation	Heather, Arnold, Chorus
Everything's All Right	Mr. Lester, Heather, Chorus
At It Again	Heather, Tommy, Arnold, Mr. Lester, Chorus
Everything's All Right	
Reprise/Curtain Call	Entire Cast

ARNOLD

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MR. LESTER Teacher at Central Middle School

ARNOLD A short, obnoxious student

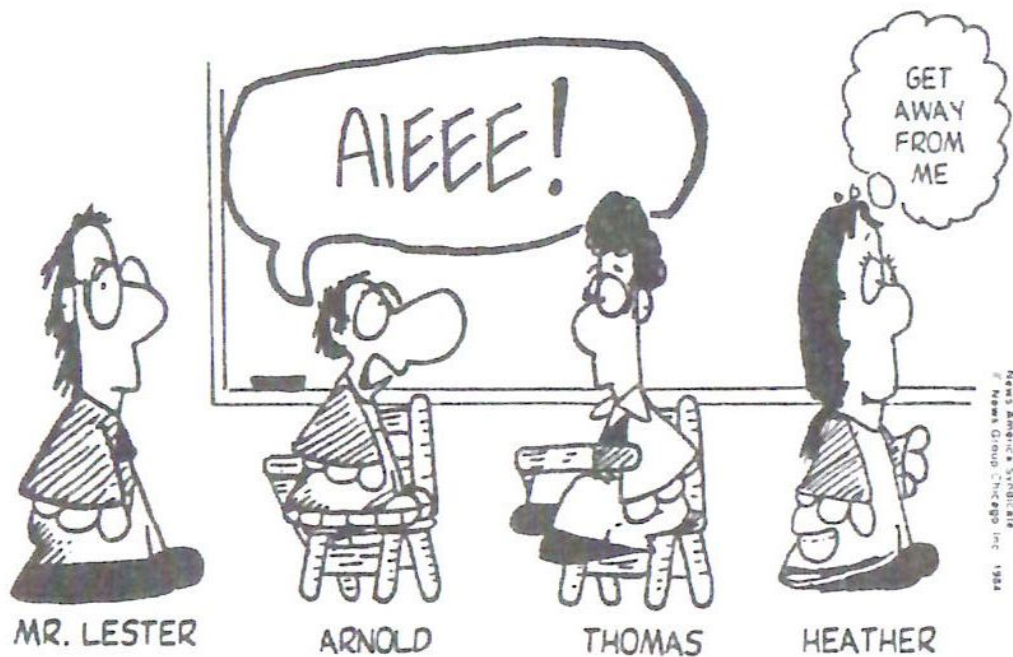
HEATHER A conceited student

TOMMY A student, not terribly bright

CHORUS of STUDENTS, TEACHERS, F.B.I. AGENTS, etc.

TIME: The Present

PLACE: Classroom and School Auditorium at Central Middle School



ARNOLD

ACT ONE

Scene 1

AT RISE: MUSIC: Overture. As the Overture ends, lights come up on the classroom. A school bell rings. MR. LESTER is at his desk STAGE RIGHT. TOMMY, ARNOLD and HEATHER are seated at desks DOWN STAGE, while the rest of the STUDENTS are seated UPSTAGE. MUSIC: Get Away From Me vamps under the dialogue.

MR. LESTER: All right, boys and girls, zip your lips and listen up. Welcome back to Central Middle School, home of the Laughing Hyenas. There will be no dilly-dallying in the halls, no shilly-shallying in the classrooms, and hall monitors will be stationed at the entrances to the girls' restrooms to confiscate all tubes of lipstick before entering. *(Pause. Harshly.)* And there will be no joke-telling, laughing, or having a good time. Now, I'm sure you had exciting summer vacations.

STUDENTS: Bah!

MR. LESTER: So I want you to tell us about them.

STUDENTS: Bah!

MR. LESTER: Tommy?

TOMMY: *(Stands nervously.)* Well, I, uh, one Sunday I went jogging.

ARNOLD: *(Interrupting.)* I had an uncle who went jogging all the time.

MR. LESTER: Quiet, Arnold. We're talking to...

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

My Uncle Jocko was a jogging fool,
Who hated sidewalks with a passion.
So he did his jogging in the middle of the street.
But he was deemed illegal by a P'liceman,
And completely out of fashion,
Since he had no steering wheel, no lights, no auto seat.
But Uncle Jocko was determined,
He would do whatever just to sail on.
So he bought a windshield and some bumpers for his knees.
Then sev'ral irate drivers tackled him and
Screwed a license to his tailbone;
While they charged him fifty bucks for state inspection fees.

TOMMY: *(Sings.)*

What did I do, I ask you?
What did I do to deserve this torture?
What did I do, please tell me.
Why do I have to endure this pain?
All I did was open my lips,
And out jumped some of his infamous quips.
What did I do? I don't know.
Why does he always happen to me?

MR. LESTER & CHORUS: *(Sing.)*

Get away, get away from me

MR. LESTER: *(Spoken as music vamps under.)* What about you, Heather?

HEATHER: Well, I went to the movies and saw Tarzan the Ape Man.

ARNOLD: I had a cousin named Zubu the Hyena Man.

MR. LESTER: Quiet, Arnold, we're talking to...

ARNOLD: *(Interrupting, sings.)*

My Cousin Zubu was uncivilized and called hyena of the jungle,
And he'd swing from tree to tree a-laughing all the time;
But he was far from agile, see, and ev'rything he tried out,
He would bungle.

And one sorry day he strangled on a jungle vine.

But Cousin Zubu's story doesn't end there, no.

His mem'ry will continue.

For some natives took his body for some sacred rites,

But changed their minds as hungry natives often do,

And put him on their menu.

When they found he pleased their greedy jungle appetites.

HEATHER & CHORUS: *(Sing.)*

Get away from me, you little twerp.

You are disgusting, you rotten jerk!

Get away from me, you make me urp.

One minute more and we'll go berserk!

Take your ugly slime face,

What a perfect crime face,

Get away from me, you little twerp,

Get away, get away from me.

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*

Get away,

Get away from me.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Arnold, get away,

Arnold get away,

Arnold get away from me!

(At the end of the song, STUDENTS return to their seats.)

MR. LESTER: So much for summer vacations. Instead, I would like to ask everyone a very important question.

ARNOLD: *(Standing on his desk seat and yelling.)* A test! We're having a test! Everybody get out your pencils and paper and whisper the answers in my right ear. All right. What are we waiting for? Let's see those pencils standing at attention. *(Students hold their pencils straight up.)*

MR. LESTER: Arnold, this is not a test.

ARNOLD: False alarm, class. Pencils, at ease! *(He sits.)*

MR. LESTER: I want to know the greatest wish each of you has for mankind. I know each of you is a considerate, sensitive person who wishes peace and good will to others. Tommy?

TOMMY: Uh, well, uh, I wish, uh, peace and good will to others.

MR. LESTER: Well. How original. Heather, what is your wish for mankind?

HEATHER: Well, Mr. Lester, for MANKind, I wish a school of leeches on their hairy chests. For WOMANKind, I wish everyone could be as bright and personable as I . . . although I realize that isn't possible.

MR. LESTER: I see. So, Arnold, what is your greatest wish for mankind?

ARNOLD: My wish is for the enslavement of the human race. Under my command, of course.

MR. LESTER: A very . . . ambitious . . . wish.

ARNOLD: Yeah, so I've already started work on it. This year I'm going to run for Captain of the Safety Patrol. From that position, I plan to work up to Security Chief, and eventually to dictator.

HEATHER: Arnold, the only way you could win an election in this school is to shackle everybody to the voting booth and pull out their nose hairs, one by one, until they surrendered.

ARNOLD: *(With a big smile.)* Yeah, I know.

HEATHER: Well, I'm throwing my hat into the ring, too.

ARNOLD: You'd better count your nose hairs, first.

HEATHER: *(Nose to nose with him.)* Oh, yeah?

ARNOLD: Yeah.

TOMMY: *(Steps between them, smiling.)* Say, guess what? It looks like all three of us will be running against each other.

HEATHER: You're running for Captain of the Safety Patrol too?

TOMMY: *(Smiling.)* Yeah. *(HEATHER glances at ARNOLD. Together, they swing their fists and hit TOMMY in the face. CYMBAL CRASH on the sock. TOMMY falls over backwards. HEATHER and ARNOLD dust off their hands. BLACKOUT.)*

End of Scene 1

Scene 2

(The stage of the school auditorium. May be played in front of the curtain. STUDENTS ENTER with a microphone and American flag, and set them up on the stage.)

STUDENT ONE: Did you hear that Arnold is running for Safety Patrol Captain?

STUDENT TWO: Boy! That's just what we need . . . a police state!

STUDENT THREE: At least he'd cut down on crime in the hallway.

STUDENT FOUR: Yeah. He would probably arrest everybody and start his own crime wave.

STUDENT TWO: Not to worry. He'll never get elected.

STUDENT ONE: Wanna bet?

STUDENT THREE: I think he's kinda cute. I might vote for him.

STUDENT FOUR: If you vote for that hooligan, I'll have you thrown off the student newspaper.

STUDENT TWO: I'll have you thrown off the cheerleading squad.

STUDENT ONE: I'll have you thrown off the roof!

STUDENT THREE: All right, all right. I'll vote for Heather.

STUDENTS ONE, TWO, FOUR: Heather? Never!

STUDENT THREE: *(Unsure, as they ALL start to EXIT.)* Then I'll vote for Tommy?

STUDENT ONE: That ninny?

STUDENT THREE: Well, then, who should I vote for?

STUDENT FOUR: How about Donald Duck? *(They are OUT. MR. LESTER steps from behind the curtain to the microphone.)*

MR. LESTER: Boys and girls . . . today we are going to have a demonstration in democracy. We are going to elect our Safety Patrol Captain.

A VOICE: Boo!

MR. LESTER: Let's try to control our enthusiasm, shall we? Now, we have two candidates. *(ARNOLD pokes his head in from behind the curtain.)*

ARNOLD: Three candidates.

MR. LESTER: Two.

ARNOLD: But Arnold makes three.

MR. LESTER: *(Covers microphone.)* Arnold, there can only be two candidates . . . one from the blue party, and one from the white party.

ARNOLD: I'm from the polka dot party.

MR. LESTER: Polka dot party? When was it organized?

ARNOLD: About two minutes ago.

MR. LESTER: *(Through clenched teeth.)* Arnold, you cannot run for Safety Patrol Captain!

ARNOLD: *(Steps ONSTAGE.)* You call this a "demonstration in democracy"? I call it despotism in office!

MR. LESTER: Arnold!

ARNOLD: *(Speaking into the microphone.)* Oh, Mr. Lester speaks well, but in practice he is little more than a fascist, an oppressor. Be careful what you say around here, or Mr. Lester's spies will kidnap you in the middle of the night, and have you strung up by your nostrils. Then he'll torture you by filling your bellybuttons with scratchy lint!

MR. LESTER: Arnold, will you. . . ?

ARNOLD: After that, he'll make you crawl down the halls until you go crazy from inhaling the toxic fumes of used bubblegum.

MR. LESTER: All right, Arnold, all right.

ARNOLD: *(With a big smile.)* I can run for Captain of the Safety Patrol?

MR. LESTER: Yes, yes.

ARNOLD: Thanks, Mr. Lester. I knew you'd see it my way.

MR. LESTER: *(Aside.)* But only because I know you don't have a chance of winning.

ARNOLD: *(To the audience.)* It's okay, everybody. The rebellion's over. Mr. Lester caved in to my demands.

MR. LESTER: Caved in?

ARNOLD: Go ahead, Mr. Lester. Announce the three candidates.
(ARNOLD stares at MR. LESTER and taps his foot.)

MR. LESTER: *(Nervously.)* Well, all right. Here is our first candidate, Heather. *(HEATHER ENTERS and snatches the microphone away from MR. LESTER. MR. LESTER EXITS.)*

HEATHER: *(Confidently.)* If you elect me Captain of the Safety Patrol, I promise to . . .

ARNOLD: Handcuff every one of you to your desks for ten hours a day.

HEATHER: Handcuff every one of you to your . . . *(Realizes what she has said.)* No, no. I plan to . . .

ARNOLD: Lock all of you in the furnace room and feed you moldy bread and buttermilk.

HEATHER: That's right. I'll lock all of you in the . . . *(Frustrated, she glances at ARNOLD while she tries to correct herself.)* No, that's not right. I'll . . . I'll . . .

ARNOLD: *(Grabs microphone.)* Sorry, Heather. Time's up.

HEATHER: What? Mr. Lester? Mr. Lester, where are you hiding? Did you see what Arnold did? Mr. Lester? *(She EXITS.)*

ARNOLD: The next contestant will now give his concession speech. Here's Tommy.

TOMMY: Uh, hi. Uh, if I'm elected Captain of the Safety Patrol, I will definitely . . . and without, uh, hesitation . . .

ARNOLD: *(Takes the microphone.)* Time's up, Tommy.

TOMMY: Time's up? But I didn't say anything, did I?

ARNOLD: You've said enough. Now take your place at the loser's table.

TOMMY: *(Weakly.)* Mr. Lester, can he get away with this? Mr. Lester? *(TOMMY wanders off.)*

ARNOLD: Now it's my turn. As a representative of the Polka Dot party, I just want to say that I want all of your votes, or else! Anyone who doesn't vote for me will be arrested for having an ugly ballot. All those in favor of Arnold, say . . .

A VOICE: Yuck!

ARNOLD: Thank you. All those against . . . stick it in your ear. *(MR. LESTER ENTERS with TOMMY and HEATHER.)*

MR. LESTER: Arnold, what is going on here? *(Looks at the audience.)* And why do all the boys and girls have their fingers stuck in their ears?

ARNOLD: Don't ask me, Mr. Lester. But you can congratulate me for being elected Captain of the Safety Patrol.

MR. LESTER: What? You? But we haven't even voted yet.

ARNOLD: I won by default. Tommy and Heather couldn't take the heat.

HEATHER: Mr. Lester, are you going to stand for this?

MR. LESTER: No, Heather. I think I am going to sit down for it.
(He sits down on a folding chair, wipes his face with a handkerchief.)

HEATHER: But Arnold's nothing but a slime-ball. Besides that, he's short. And runts don't win elections.

ARNOLD: *(Stands on a chair.)* Who are you calling short? Napoleon was short, and he won battles. George Washington was short, and he chopped down a cherry tree. Abe Lincoln was short, and he became President.

HEATHER: Abe Lincoln was six feet tall, Arnold.

ARNOLD: My great uncle Louie played golf with Lincoln every weekend, and he says Lincoln was short. He just seemed tall because his hat was four feet high.

HEATHER: Liar, liar, pants on fire!

ARNOLD: Aieeee! You can't insult the law like that.

HEATHER: Law?

ARNOLD: You're speaking to the Safety Patrol Captain. *(Throws some handcuffs to TOMMY.)* Tommy, I'm making you my deputy. Cuff her.

TOMMY: Huh? But she didn't do anything wrong.

ARNOLD: Refusing a lawful order, huh? *(He takes the handcuffs and gives them to HEATHER.)* Cuff him, Heather.

HEATHER: Gladly. *(She puts handcuff on Tommy's wrist, then realizes what she is doing.)* Wait a minute.

ARNOLD: Did you see her trying to arrest you, Tommy? Cuff her.

TOMMY: Heather, shame, shame. *(He connects the other cuff to HEATHER'S wrist.)* There.

ARNOLD: Now, you two can escort each other to the makeshift cells I built out of pigeon coops on the roof.

MR. LESTER: Arnold, this has gone quite far enough.

ARNOLD: Stay out of this, Mr. Lester, or I'll have to put you in solitary confinement.

MR. LESTER: Solitary confinement?

ARNOLD: *(To the audience, like a tough guy.)* Get this straight, everybody. I'm in charge here now. If anybody gets out of line, it'll be four months of washing smelly football socks.

HEATHER/TOMMY: Ohh!

ARNOLD: And if that doesn't work, it'll be another month in the cafeteria kitchen, WITHOUT A GAS MASK!

STUDENTS: *(From the audience.)* Ooooh!

ARNOLD: You'll have to sit there and watch the cooks drooo-o-o-l over the gravy. *(To HEATHER and TOMMY.)* Enough said. As punishment, you two will be required to clean the rotten banana peels and rancid tuna fish out of my locker. Atten-shun! Right face, march. Hut, two, three, four, hut, two, three, four! *(They EXIT, marching. BLACKOUT.)*

End of Scene 2

Scene 3

(The classroom, a few hours later. ARNOLD ENTERS cracking a whip and pulling a rope that is attached to TOMMY, OFFSTAGE. ARNOLD turns to TOMMY.)

ARNOLD: Come on, mule. You're slowing down my operations.
(TOMMY ENTERS. HE wears horse blinders on a harness tied to his head. The rope is tied to the harness. He carries ARNOLD'S books.)

TOMMY: Arnold, don't you think this is carrying things a bit too far?

ARNOLD: What are you talking about, Tommy? I haven't even put a saddle on you yet.

TOMMY: *(Aside.)* Saddle? I'm going to be wearing a saddle? *(To ARNOLD.)* But you let Heather go.

ARNOLD: True. But that iron ball and chain I welded to her ankle will keep her close by.

TOMMY: Arnold, you can't do this. Suppose, uh, suppose somebody calls out the National Guard?

ARNOLD: Great! I could use the extra help. Mrs. Luger's sixth grade class keeps demanding to be released from the meat storage locker. But I told them they have the coolest cells in the building.

TOMMY: But you're treating me like a mule!

ARNOLD: You don't have to thank me, Tommy. I know you are a loyal mule. *(He puts his arm around TOMMY'S shoulder.)* And I can't wait until I get my spurs.

TOMMY: *(Shocked.)* Spurs!

ARNOLD: Well, sure. You wouldn't want me to ruin my shoes when I dig them into your ribs, would you?

TOMMY: Aieee! *(MR. LESTER ENTERS.)*

MR. LESTER: Arnold! What's going on here?

ARNOLD: Can't stop to chat now, Mr. Lester. It's time to check on the inmates in Cell Block Q. *(Cracks the whip.)* Come on, up, mule! Let's go, let's go!

TOMMY: Aieee! *(ARNOLD follows TOMMY OFFSTAGE.)*

MR. LESTER: I wonder what that harness was for? That Arnold is always up to something. *(HEATHER ENTERS.)*

HEATHER: I want to thank you for springing me and Tommy from that pigeon coop.

MR. LESTER: That's all right. You can reimburse me for the bond money later.

HEATHER: You've really got to do something about that little runt. He's taken over the entire school, and he's running it like a prisoner of war camp.

MR. LESTER: *(Aside.)* Best discipline we've had since I've been here.

HEATHER: A few hours ago he arrested a kid for having his hair greased down. He said it was a wasteful use of our precious oil reserve. He ran the poor guy's hair through a ringer and sold the residue to a local oil refinery.

MR. LESTER: *(Aside.)* I wonder what his profit margin was?

HEATHER: He said he would have choked the kid, but he was afraid he would leave telltale fingerprints on his throat.

MR. LESTER: My, my.

HEATHER: And then he got serious.

MR. LESTER: This wasn't serious?

HEATHER: He put a girl in chains for chattering in the hall. And for punishment, he said he was going to force her to blab until her lips fell off.

MR. LESTER: Are her lips still intact?

HEATHER: Yes. But her braces broke loose and wrapped around her tongue. Now when she talks . . . *(She screws up her mouth and speaks tongue-tied and spits as she speaks.)* . . . she speaths thome-think like thith.

MR. LESTER: I see.

HEATHER: So what are you going to do about it, Mr. Lester? What are you going to do to wipe this wart off the face of the earth?

MR. LESTER: What am I going to do? Well, first, I've got to practice the faculty production number for the school assembly. Good day, Heather. *(He EXITS.)*

HEATHER: Humph! Well, if you're not going to do anything, I will! I can't let this sore fester forever. I consider it my civic duty to cleanse the wound in whatever manner possible. I'll call the School Board. I'll call the police. I'll call . . . *(She brightens.)* . . . the F.B.I.! That's it, the F.B.I. I have a duty . . . nay, an obligation to protect my fellow students against Arnold's tyranny. *(She pulls out a pencil and a piece of paper.)* And protect them I shall. Give me liberty, or give me death. I regret that I have but one letter to write for my school. When I get through with this letter, they won't jail him, they'll hang him! *(She begins writing. BLACKOUT.)*

End of Scene 3

Scene 4

(The school auditorium. May be played in front of curtain. MR. LESTER steps out from behind the curtain. MUSIC: Remember the Teachers.)

MR. LESTER: Ladies and gentlemen. We all know that things have gotten a little out of hand here at Central Middle School. I am reminded of other periods in the history of our country when things were going badly. At those times we rallied around a battle cry. Who can ever forget the Mexican-American War when we called out, "Remember the Alamo!" . . . the Spanish-American War with the slogan, "Remember the Maine!" Now we ask you, during these difficult days at Central Middle School . . . Remember the Teachers! *(TEACHERS ENTER and sing. They are dressed in mismatched clothing, some in white socks, one with an ascot and pipe, etc.)*

ALL: *(Sing.)*

We're taking up clothes for the charity collection,
We're cleaning up our rooms for the principal's inspection,
We're keeping a damper on the noise,
While trying real hard to maintain our poise,
And paying off the hoodlums for our personal protection.

Remember the teachers,
Whenever the school's in a crunch.
Remember the teachers,
While others are out to lunch.
We're minding our jobs,
We're teaching you slobs,
We're the teachers,
The school's most forgotten bunch.

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*

We're wolfing down pills for a case of hypertension,
We're seeing our shrinks for stress and strain prevention,
We're keeping a shot of grape preserves,
To clear up our heads and settle shattered nerves,
And waiting for some nut to start a student insurrection.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Remember the teachers,
When cracks in the ceiling begin.
Remember the teachers,
And water is pouring in.
We must be insane,
To teach in the rain,
But we're the teachers,
The school's most committed bunch.
(TEACHERS dance for one chorus.)

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Remember the teachers,
When somebody starts a riot,
Remember the teachers,
When ev'ryone wants to try it.
We're not very keen,
To step in between,
But we're teachers,
The school's most expendable bunch.

Remember the teachers,
And thanks a heap.
Remember the teachers,
We work real cheap.
We are the teachers,
The school's most forgotten bunch. *(BLACKOUT.)*

End of Scene 4

Scene 5

(The classroom, later. MR. LESTER ENTERS, reading a note.)

MR. LESTER: I don't believe it. How could it have gotten this far?
(ARNOLD ENTERS wearing his bright orange Safety Patrol belt with medals hanging from it and a sword. HE is carrying the largest and heaviest chain available.)

ARNOLD: Hello, Mr. Lester. I'll be back for class in a few minutes.
First, I've got to take care of a few prisoners.

MR. LESTER: Prisoners? You're not planning to tie them up with that chain, are you?

ARNOLD: Certainly not.

MR. LESTER: *(Relieved.)* That's good.

ARNOLD: I'm going to beat them with it.

MR. LESTER: Beat them with a chain?

ARNOLD: You bet. I'll get the truth out of them one way or another.

MR. LESTER: Arnold, you can't beat students with a chain.

ARNOLD: Oh, all right.

MR. LESTER: I'm glad you understand.

ARNOLD: I'll get a crowbar.

MR. LESTER: No, Arnold.

ARNOLD: A stiff rubber hose?

MR. LESTER: Arnold, what are you running here. . . a police state?

ARNOLD: More like a dictatorship, Mr. Lester. Now, if you will excuse me, I have some beating to do.

MR. LESTER: Arnold, wait. I have a note for you. *(He holds it out.)*

ARNOLD: *(Grabs it.)* Thanks, Mr. Lester. You can go now.

MR. LESTER: The note . . . it's from the F.B.I.

ARNOLD: The F.B.I.? Mr. Lester, it is! It is from the F.B.I. Aieeee!

What have they got on me? You can tell me, Mr. Lester.

MR. LESTER: I didn't talk to them, Arnold. I'm just delivering the message.

ARNOLD: You know something. Come on, out with it.

MR. LESTER: They just want to talk to you.

ARNOLD: The F.B.I. never "just wants to talk" to anyone. They want something. They probably want to know what my cousin Ernie did with that Brinks truck he borrowed last month.

MR. LESTER: Your cousin stole an armored truck?

ARNOLD: Just for a few hours. He was entered in a demolition derby, and he thought it might give him a small advantage.

MR. LESTER: I don't think that's why the F.B.I. wants you.

ARNOLD: No? Uh, my Auntie May. They want to know why she keeps letting all the cats out of the city pound and taking them home with her.

MR. LESTER: Your Auntie May must love cats.

ARNOLD: She hates them. She says living at her house is more punishment than living at the pound. And if you ever saw her house, you would agree.

MR. LESTER: Arnold, forget it. That's not what the F.B.I. wants.

ARNOLD: My Grandpa Gilbert skydived into Fort Knox. Do you suppose it might be that?

MR. LESTER: Arnold, face it. The F.B.I. wants to talk to YOU because they are interested in YOU, not your relatives.

ARNOLD: *(On his knees, pleading.)* Oh, Mr. Lester, you can't let them take me away. I'll never be seen again. I'll disappear off the face of the earth.

MR. LESTER: *(With a big smile.)* Really?

ARNOLD: They'll stuff me into a shoebox and hide me under a stump, where I'll be eaten by a curious chipmunk with a ferocious appetite.

MR. LESTER: Arnold!

ARNOLD: The F.B.I. is notorious for changing people's faces, giving them new identities, and forcing them to live off berries and roots. A guy could turn primitive from eating that stuff.

MR. LESTER: Arnold, they said they just want to talk to you. *(EXITS.)*

ARNOLD: *(Calling after.)* And you believe that? *(To himself.)* Oh, gullible Mr. Lester. I'm doomed. I tell you. When the F.B.I. is on your tail, you're doomed. *(MUSIC: Doomed.) (Sings.)*

I'm racking my brain to understand,
 What federal law they think I broke.
 Whatever it was, it wasn't planned.
 If I broke a law, it was a joke.

ARNOLD: (*Sings.*)

Will somebody please say what I did,
To earn this bad hand I've been dealt?
They wouldn't arrest a little kid.
But if they try to, I'll kill myself.

I'm doomed. I'm doomed. I'm good as dead.
The F.B.I. wants me in the can.
I'm doomed, I'm doomed. They want my head.
And the F.B.I. always get their man

(*CHORUS ENTERS, singing.*)

ALL: (*Sing.*)

He's doomed, he's doomed, he's good as dead.
The F.B.I. wants him in the can.
He's doomed, he's doomed, they want his head.
And the F.B.I. always get their man.

ARNOLD: (*Spoken, as music plays under.*) Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I didn't do anything wrong. All I did was take over the school, crown myself dictator for a semester, and confiscate a few personal belongings that would look good in my new office. So what am I afraid of? Let them come. I can handle them. Who do they think they are, anyway? I'm in charge here! (*Sings*)
Whatever it is they want me for,
Whatever big deal they think I've cut,
I want them to know that this is war!
I won't surrender. I won't give up.

I don't know the deeds they think I've done,
What outrage they want to pin on me.
I will soon see just how fast they run,
And they will learn not to pick on me.

ALL: (*Sing.*)

They're doomed, they're doomed, though they will fight.
The F.B.I. won't know what's in store.
They're doomed, they're doomed, they may have might,
But the F.B.I. will lose the war.

They're doomed, they're doomed, they're doomed!
(*BLACKOUT.*)

End of Act One

ACT TWO

Scene 1

(MUSIC: Entracte. AT RISE: The classroom, several days later. It looks like it is in the middle of a war zone. Desks are upside down. Litter is strewn about. Sandbags are piled up. Smoke hovers about the dark scene. ARNOLD stands CENTER looking OFF STAGE LEFT. He is dressed in a camouflage uniform and carries his helmet and a swagger stick. He speaks into a bullhorn in a threatening tone.

ARNOLD: Attention! Attention! This is Captain Arnold speaking. You F.B.I. men on the front steps of the school . . . stop where you are. You have no choice. You'll never take me alive. I said stop where you are! *(Gunshots and explosions OFF LEFT. See Production Notes for information on Sound Effects.)* All right, you asked for it! *(MUSIC: Hallway Hostilities plays under dialogue. TOMMY ENTERS from STAGE LEFT and salutes ARNOLD.)*

TOMMY: Safety Patrol Sergeant Tommy reporting, sir.

ARNOLD: *(Returns salute with his swagger stick.)* What's happening, Sergeant?

TOMMY: Looks like they've broken through, sir.

ARNOLD: You mean the hidden mines didn't stop them?

TOMMY: Well, we planted the explosives at the back door. They tricked us by coming in the front.

ARNOLD: How did they get past the barbed wire barriers?

TOMMY: We couldn't find any more barbed wire in the basement broom closet, so we barricaded the steps with commercial floor cleaner. We thought the odor would drive them away, but they have stronger noses than we thought.

ARNOLD: A determined bunch, those F.B.I. agents. But they'll find I'm more determined. Where are they now?

TOMMY: They've broken through our lines, and they're mopping up room-by-room. If they're not stopped, it'll be a clean sweep.

ARNOLD: That settles it. It's time for our most OFFENSIVE weapon!

TOMMY: *(Shocked.)* You don't mean it!

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

Take a dozen men or so to the Home Ec Division,
Go and camouflage them as some gold and purple pom poms.
Send them t'ward the rebel stronghold on a suicide mission,
Then bombard the raiders with our foulest stink bombs.

TOMMY: *(Spoken.)* But Arnold, I thought chemical weapons were outlawed by the Geneva Convention.

ARNOLD: They never mentioned the odor from the cafeteria, Tommy. I've bottled it and if that doesn't stop them, they're not human!

ARNOLD/TOMMY/OFFSTAGE CHORUS: *(Sing.)*

We're gonna win this battle,
We're gonna win this war.
We're gonna stink the cattle
Right out the front door.

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

We're gonna scream and bellow

ARNOLD & TOMMY: *(Sing.)*

And force them in the street.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

We're gonna brand 'em yellow
As they hastily retreat.

(MR. LESTER and HEATHER ENTER from OFF LEFT. Music vamps under the dialogue. HEATHER carries a white flag, is dressed in battle gear, and still has the ball and chain attached to her ankle.)

HEATHER: Throw down your weapons, Arnold. You've made a terrible mistake.

ARNOLD: Never! Onward, men! Take no prisoners! *(Sings.)*

I'm gonna win this battle.

HEATHER & MR. LESTER: *(Sing.)*

You're gonna lose this war.

ARNOLD & TOMMY: *(Sing.)*

We're gonna skin these cattle.

HEATHER & MR. LESTER: *(Sing.)*

You'll lose this war.

ARNOLD & TOMMY: *(Sing.)*

They're gonna scream and bellow.

HEATHER & MR. LESTER: *(Sing.)*

They'll knock you on your seat.

ARNOLD & TOMMY: *(Sing.)*

We're gonna brand 'em yellow.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

As they (you) hastily retreat.

ARNOLD & TOMMY: *(Sing.)*

We're gonna win.

HEATHER & MR. LESTER: *(Sing.)*

You're gonna lose.

ARNOLD & TOMMY: *(Sing.)*

We're gonna win.

HEATHER & MR. LESTER: *(Sing.)*

You're gonna lose

ALL: *(Sing.)*

This war! *(As the song ends, HEATHER steps to ARNOLD.)*

HEATHER: Now you're in for it. The F.B.I. agents are on their way in.
Let's see if you can stand up to the government!

MR. LESTER: It's about time. The teachers are really angry. They've been forced to sit under the showers in the boy's locker room, where they've been complaining of sweat sock disease and athlete's hands.
(MUSIC: *F.B.I. Music. F.B.I. AGENTS ENTER. Both men and women wear identical suits or trenchcoats, or white shirts, dark ties and dark pants, and dark glasses. They stand stiffly in a row. ARNOLD hides under a desk.*)

TOMMY: Wow! G-Men at my school!

HEATHER: You're here at last! We've been expecting you.

AGENT ONE: Where is this commie pinko?

AGENT TWO: Yeah. Where is this traitor?

MR. LESTER: (*Indicating the desk where ARNOLD is hiding.*) Right here, gentlemen.

AGENT THREE: We'll wring a confession out of him, and have him shot at dawn. (*HEATHER drags ARNOLD forcibly to a stool.*)

HEATHER: All right, scum . . . sit! (*ARNOLD sits on the stool. HEATHER speaks to the AGENTS.*) There he is, men. Now watch me fry his brain! (*MUSIC: The Interrogation. HEATHER sings.*)
Tell us about the crimes you've done, Arnold.
The muggings and the guns you've run, Arnold.
Tell us about your facist scheme,
For taking over your school's regime.

AGENTS: (*Sing.*)

If you will show repentance,
We'll try to lower your sentence.

ALL: (*Sing.*)

So tell us about the checks you've cashed,
And places where you've got them stashed.
Tell us, tell us, tell us, tell us,
Tell us blow by blow.
Tell us, tell us, tell us, tell us,
Ev'rything you know.
You really can't suppress it,
You may as well confess it.

Tell us all about your life of crime. (*Music continues under dialogue.*)

HEATHER: Well, Mr. Traitor? Out with it. Spill the beans. Rat on your mobster friends. Cough it up. Be a tattletale. Remember, you're under oath. Tell us all about it. Come on, talk.

ARNOLD: Well, there's the story about my Grandma Gretchen and her purple cow . . . (*He starts to stand up, but she pushes him back down.*)

HEATHER: (*Sings.*)

Tell us about your latest plans, Arnold!
Your flim flams and your newest scams, Arnold.
Tell us about your vi'lent mob,
Which national banks they hope to rob.

AGENTS: *(Sing.)*

If you will speak real candid,
We'll get your sentence suspended.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

So show us the secret plans you bought,
And how 'til now you've not been caught.
Show us, show us, show us, show us,
Show us what you stole.
Show us, show us, show us, show us,
If you want parole.
You know that if we nail ya
We're gonna have to jail ya.
So tell us all about your life of crime.

AGENT ONE: *(As the Music continues under.)* Well? What do you have
to say for yourself, son?

ARNOLD: Just a few patriotic words, sir. *(Sings.)*

I pledge allegiance to the flag,
Oh, say can you see,
Apple pie, baseball and mother
My country 'tis of thee . . . *(AGENTS put their hands over their
hearts)*

Red, white and blue paint,
A commie red I ain't.
From sea to shining sea.

HEATHER: *(To AGENTS as the Music vamps under.)* You're not falling
for that red, white and blue stuff, are you?

AGENT ONE: Certainly not!

AGENT TWO: We'll try some psychology on him.

AGENTS ONE & TWO: *(Sing.)*

Tell us about the brutal strife, Arnold,
That made you bad in later life, Arnold.

AGENTS THREE & FOUR: *(Sing.)*

Tells us about your life in slums,
Among the foul and filthy bums.

AGENT ONE: *(Sings.)*

Wasn't your father a drinker?

AGENT TWO: *(Sings.)*

And that's what made you a stinker?

ALL: *(Sing.)*

So tell us about the things you dread,
The things that made you sick in the head.
Tell us, tell us, tell us, tell us,
Tell us, little punk.
Tell us, tell us, tell us, tell us,
Why you're such a skunk.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

You'll wish you made a clamor,

When you are in the slammer.

Tell us all about your life of crime,

Tell us all about your life of crime! *(As the Song concludes,*

ARNOLD realizes something and takes charge.)

ARNOLD: Hold it! Atten-shun! *(The F.B.I. AGENTS stand stiffly.*

ARNOLD marches up and down the row.) I smell a rat. F.B.I.,
huh? *(Points to AGENT ONE.)* How did you know I had taken
over here?

AGENT ONE: Uh, uh, somebody phoned?

ARNOLD: I cut all the lines. *(Points to AGENT TWO.)*

AGENT TWO: Smoke signals?

ARNOLD: I capped all the chimneys. *(Points to HEATHER.)*

HEATHER: Carrier pigeons . . . from the roof.

ARNOLD: I clipped all their wings.

HEATHER: But . . . but that's impossible. *(Points to the AGENTS.)*

They're here, aren't they?

ARNOLD: Well, let's see! *(He pulls the glasses off of AGENT THREE,
and opens her trenchcoat. Underneath is a normal STUDENT.)*

F.B.I., huh?

AGENT THREE: Well, I . . .

HEATHER: Sheila? *(SHEILA pulls off her disguise, as do the OTHERS.
They are all STUDENTS.)* Bart? Dorothy? But, but . . .

ARNOLD: So. The students have devised a diabolical plot to unseat me,
huh? I'll bet you even sent that note!

STUDENT ONE: Yes! And why not? Being Captain of the Safety
Patrol is one thing, but being a bully is something else.

STUDENT TWO: You promised us safer hallways, and we got machine
guns in each doorway.

STUDENT THREE: You promised us cleaner restrooms, and all we got
were pay toilets.

ARNOLD: So there are a few minor inconveniences. You can't have
everything.

STUDENT ONE: We don't want everything. We just want things back
the way they were.

STUDENT TWO: We want the corridors to be cluttered and every other
light bulb broken and the walls covered with lipstick and leftover
lollipops.

STUDENT THREE: We want a mob scene when the bell rings and every-
body rushing to their classes and dropping books and stumbling
over each other.

HEATHER: And most of all, we want to be rid of you!

ALL: Yeah!

ARNOLD: *(Aside.)* Ouch. *(The OTHERS EXIT unobtrusively. ARNOLD slowly crosses DOWN STAGE. Sadly, he pauses, and eventually speaks.)* Why do I get the feeling that I'm not . . . respected? *(Pause.)* Even by me? *(Pause.)* Well, I'm my own worst critic. *(Pause.)* All right, I'm everybody's worst critic. But they DESERVE it. And I . . . well . . . *(Pause.)* This has not been my best day. And for some reason, I don't think tomorrow will be any better. *(BLACKOUT.)*

End of Scene 1

Scene 2

(School auditorium, the next day. May be played in front of curtain. MR. LESTER steps ONSTAGE from behind the curtain, and sets up a microphone. He clears his throat.)

MR. LESTER: Testing, testing, testing. Uh, boys and girls, welcome to our second assembly since Arnold became uh, headmaster of our unfortunate school. Arnold tells me he is here to respond to the many negative things that have been said about him.

VOICES: Boo! Boo!

MR. LESTER: And here he is . . . Captain Arnold. *(MR. LESTER moves off to the side, and a huge American flag falls from above. MUSIC: Drum Cadence for Arnold's Entrance. ARNOLD appears from behind the curtain. If possible, roll out a large platform with a flag behind it, as in the movie PATTON. ARNOLD is dressed in an exaggerated dress military uniform with a shiny black helmet and a swagger stick. He looks stern.)*

ARNOLD: *(After the music stops.)* Mr. Lester, friends, and honored prisoners. It has come to my attention that there have been a few complaints . . .

VOICES: Boo!

ARNOLD: All right . . . a lot of complaints . . . about the conditions under my dictatorship.

VOICES: Boo!

ARNOLD: I know it has been harsh. But it was necessary.

VOICES: Boo!

ARNOLD: But now the emergency is over.

VOICES: Yea!

ARNOLD: And it will no longer be necessary to keep the school playground mined.

VOICES: Yea!

ARNOLD: The tanks at the entrance to the school have been returned to the local National Guard Armory. The chemical weapons stored in the janitor's closet have been detoxified. The torpedoes in the school water pipes have been dismantled, and the flame thrower has run out of gas.

VOICES: Yea!

ARNOLD: And I want you to know that there was absolutely no truth to the rumor that the submarine in the school swimming pool was armed with nuclear weapons.

VOICES: Boo!

ARNOLD: I have removed the wire taps, the hidden video camera in the girl's locker room has been disconnected. And don't worry, Ginger, your secret is safe with me. In short, all surveillance equipment has been returned to the electronics shop in the west wing.

VOICES: Yea!

ARNOLD: Finally, I want you to know . . . *(He almost sobs.)* . . . that all of the cruel remarks you made about me during my reign of terror have hurt me deeply.

VOICES: *(Sarcastically.)* Awwww!

ARNOLD: Yes, deeply. Here. *(He touches his heart.)* And so, at your requests, I am . . . giving up my position . . . as Captain of the Safety Patrol. *(MUSIC: Drum Cadence. ARNOLD ceremoniously removes his helmet and Safety Patrol belt and hands them to MR. LESTER.)* And so, here I am, just as I entered this world, naked, as it were. *(Pause.)* Alone, without friends. *(TOMMY appears. ARNOLD sees him.)* Well, one friend, maybe. But he doesn't count. *(TOMMY frowns and disappears.)* Goodbye, fellow school-mates. *(He sobs loudly a few times, then he takes a deep breath, and lashes out at the audience verbally.)* I hope a million chicken feathers fly up your noses and tickle you to death!

MR. LESTER: Arnold?

ARNOLD: I hope sulfuric acid from the chemistry lab seeps up through the holes in your shoes and melts your toes!

MR. LESTER: Arnold, please!

ARNOLD: I hope those of you with wooden legs get infested with termites! And most of all, next Christmas, I hope Santa Claus forgets you!

MR. LESTER: Arnold, that's enough! Arnold! *(He grabs ARNOLD and pulls him OFFSTAGE.)* Come on, come on. Calm down, calm down. Calm down!

VOICES: *(Great tumultuous cheers, aided by recorded cheering.)* YEA!! *(MR. LESTER returns and quiets the crowd.)*

MR. LESTER: Boys and girls, boys and girls. Zip your lips now. Zip your lips. Please report to your sixth period classes. *(Cheering dies down. MR. LESTER watches and grins. Aside.)* It's wonderful to see the students out from under tyranny and back marching in step

MR. LESTER: *(Continued.)*

to their classes, listening passively to every word the teachers say,
springing up when the bell rings, and obeying our every command.
Yes, democracy is what this country was built on. *(HEATHER
ENTERS without her ball and chain, smiling from ear to ear.)*

HEATHER: It's over, Mr. Lester. *(MUSIC: Everything's All Right.)* I
broke Arnold's iron grip on the school. I forced his hand, and I
drove him loony-bins. He won't be bothering anyone again for a
long time.

MR. LESTER: You're a heroine, Heather . . . a real heroine.

HEATHER: I know.

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*

Things were completely out of hand for a while.
The world was topsy turvy for a time.
Now I can start the happy day with a smile,
For things are getting back to normal again.

HEATHER: That's right. *(Sings.)*

There was confusion ev'rywhere around me.
The world was helter skelter for a time.
Now I can start the happy day feeling free,
'Cause things are getting back to normal again.

MR. LESTER: It feels great! *(CHORUS ENTERS singing.)*

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Ev'rything's all right, everything's hunky dory,
The future's looking bright and the sun is in its glory.

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*

Ev'rything's fit and formal.

HEATHER: *(Sings.)*

Ev'rything's back to normal.

BOTH: *(Sing.)*

Ev'rything's all right,
What a great end to the story.

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*

Math was forgotten in the heat of the fray.
Along with English, History and Science.
Now we can get back to our schoolwork again,
For things are getting back to normal again.

HEATHER: *(Sings.)*

Things more important for me passed out of sight,
Like rallies, sock hops, parties and ballgames.
Now they're back, my social life will be bright,
For things are getting back to normal again.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Ev'rything's all right, ev'rything's hunky dory,
The future's looking bright and the sun is in its glory.

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*
Ev'rything's fit and formal.
HEATHER: *(Sings.)*
Ev'rything's back to normal.
BOTH: *(Sing.)*
Ev'rything's all right.
What a great end to the story.
MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*
Ev'rything broke is mended.
HEATHER: *(Sings.)*
Ev'rything now is splendid.
ALL: *(Sing.)*
Ev'rything's all right.
What a great end to the story. *(BLACKOUT.)*

End of Scene 2

Scene 3

(The classroom, a few days later. Everything is back to normal. TOMMY, HEATHER and other STUDENTS ENTER carrying books and other school supplies.)

STUDENT ONE: It's really strange around here now.
STUDENT TWO: Yeah. It's so quiet, it's spooky. But they say the principal will be out of the hospital shortly.
STUDENT ONE: That runt, Arnold, may have been a bit weird, but he sure kept things lively.
STUDENT TWO: I hate to say it, but I kinda miss his . . . his . . . kookiness.
STUDENT ONE: Me, too. I hear he's back in class now. They say he's changed a lot. He's almost normal.
STUDENT TWO: Normal? You mean, like you and me?
STUDENT ONE: Yeah.
STUDENT TWO: Oh, yuck! *(MR. LESTER ENTERS, followed by ARNOLD. ARNOLD, dressed as his usual self, carries a pad and pencil, and perhaps a camera. He begins the scene softly, but gains confidence as he goes.)*
ARNOLD: Mr. Lester, I need to ask you some important questions.
MR. LESTER: *(Smiles.)* What, no more weapons? No more balls and chains?
ARNOLD: That's past history. I've decided to become a reporter.
MR. LESTER: A reporter? How constructive.
ARNOLD: If there is one thing I've learned in the last few days, it is that the pen is stronger than an 8 inch Howitzer.

MR. LESTER: So what paper are you writing for?

ARNOLD: THE VICIOUS RUMOR.

MR. LESTER: I . . . don't think I've ever heard of THE VICIOUS RUMOR.

ARNOLD: It's the new school newspaper. I just invented it.

MR. LESTER: I see.

ARNOLD: As the editor and publisher, I have assigned myself the difficult task of doing the editorials. I call my series of articles "The Abnormal Truth."

MR. LESTER: "The Abnormal Truth?" Why do you call it that?

ARNOLD: Because, Mr. Lester, the truth is abnormal.

MR. LESTER: Oh. What do you want from me?

ARNOLD: Honest answers to honest questions.

MR. LESTER: All right, anything. Shoot.

ARNOLD: On the record, Mr. Lester, do you really put on Mickey Mouse pajamas and little mouse ears each night when you're at home alone and tease your cat by biting it's tail and yelling "Squeak, Squeak?"

MR. LESTER: Aaaah!

ARNOLD: You can't hide from the abnormal truth, Mr. Lester. *(He turns to HEATHER.)* Tell me, Heather. After a date, do the boys ask you to put a surgical mask over your face before they will kiss you good-night?

HEATHER: Arnold, you dirty little . . . !

ARNOLD: Careful, Heather. As the society reporter, I'm recording everything you say.

HEATHER: *(Follows MR. LESTER UPSTAGE.)* Mr. Lester! Arnold's at it again!

ARNOLD: You can't scream loud enough to drown out the abnormal truth, Heather! *(TOMMY crosses to ARNOLD.)*

TOMMY: Arnold, that's not very nice.

ARNOLD: By the way, Tommy, as the sports editor of THE VICIOUS RUMOR, would you care to comment on the story that you tried out for the girls' volleyball team, but were tossed off because your legs were too hairy?

TOMMY: *(In a panic.)* Arnold, you can't print that. I'm your best friend.

ARNOLD: And that even after shaving your legs you still couldn't make the team?

TOMMY: *(Crosses UPSTAGE to MR. LESTER.)* Aieeee! Mr. Lester, Arnold is at it again. Aieeee!

ARNOLD: You can't sink low enough to escape from the abnormal truth! *(MUSIC: At It Again. Aside.)* That ought to be enough stories to get started. *(He laughs and EXITS.)*

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*

Arnold has given up being Captain.

HEATHER: *(Sings.)*

Arnold is through with what has been.

TOMMY: *(Sings.)*

But don't believe that he changed his rotten habits.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Arnold is at it again!

MR. LESTER: *(Sings.)*

Arnold would never give up his old ways.

HEATHER: *(Sings.)*

Arnold has something behind that grin.

TOMMY: *(Sings.)*

But don't believe you'll find sweetness and light.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Arnold is at it again!

He's not very lovable,

All the students deplore him.

He's not very affable,

All the teachers abhor him.

But he wasn't down too long,

Before he came back strong.

He's not very likeable,

But it's hard to ignore him.

Arnold has found some new ways to hurt us.

Arnold's attacking us with a pen.

He's telling all he knows in the paper.

Arnold is at it again! *(ARNOLD ENTERS and makes notes at the side.)*

Arnold is mouthing off in his classes.

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

I'm happily flashing my old grin.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

He always finds a way to get all our gooses.

Arnold is at it again!

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

I'm not looked on favorably.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

All the students deplore him.

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

I'm seen as unsavory.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

All the teachers abhor him.

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

But I wasn't down too long,

Before I came back strong.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

He's (I'm) not very likeable,
But it's hard to ignore him (me).
He's not very lovable.
All the students deplore him.
He's not very affable.
All the teachers deplore him!

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

But I wasn't down too long,
Before I came back strong.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

He's not very likeable,
But this is Arnold, Arnold.

ARNOLD: *(Sings.)*

And I am at it once again!

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Arnold! *(BLACKOUT.) (MUSIC: Segues into Everything's All
Right for CURTAIN CALLS. ACTORS ENTER and bow.)*

CHORUS: *(Sings.)*

Things were completely out of hand for a while,
The world was topsy turvy for a time.
Now I can start the happy day with a smile,
For things are getting back to normal again.

TOMMY/MR. LESTER/HEATHER/ARNOLD: *(Sing.)*

There was confusion ev'rywhere around us,
The world was helter skelter for a while.
Now we can start the happy day feeling free,
For things are getting back to normal again.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Ev'rything's all right, ev'rything's hunky dory.
The future's looking bright and the sun is in it's glory.
Ev'rything's fit and formal, ev'rything's back to normal.
Ev'rything's all right. What a great end to the story!

Ev'rything's all right, ev'rything's hunky dory.
The future's looking bright and the sun is in it's glory.
Ev'rything's fit and formal, ev'rything's back to normal.
Ev'rything's all right. What a great end to our story!

(BLACKOUT.)

End of Play

PRODUCTION NOTES

SOUND EFFECTS: The gunfire and explosions called for in Act Two, Scene 1 are available on the CBS Sound Effects Library, available from Pioneer Drama Service.

PROPERTIES

ACT ONE

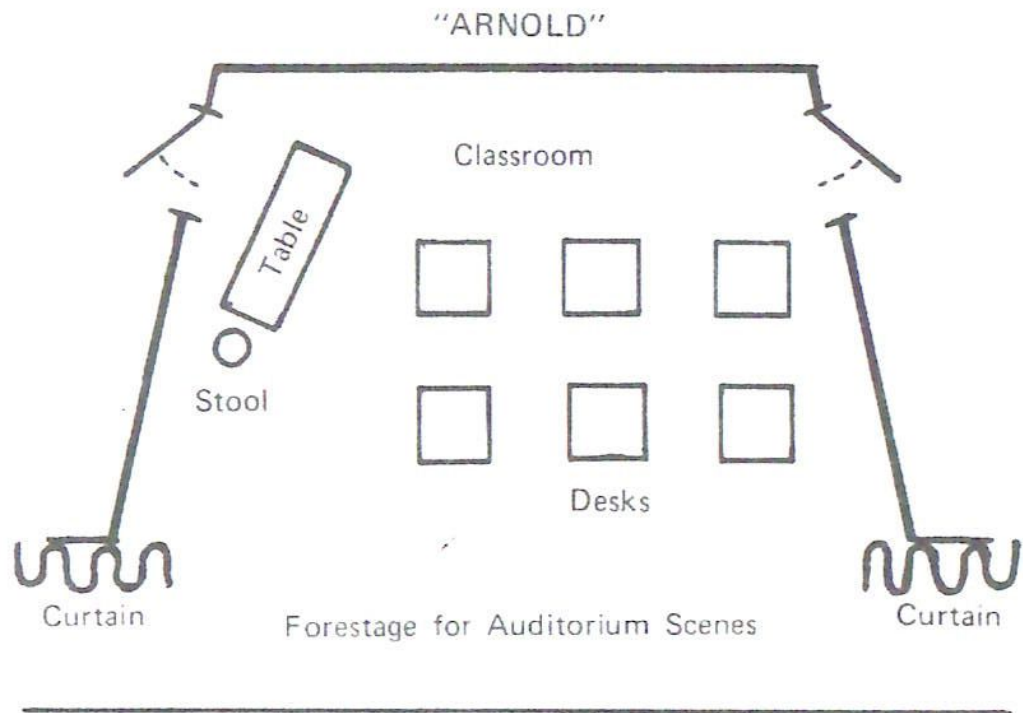
School desks (Classroom)
Pencils, Books (Students)
Microphone (Auditorium)
American Flag (Auditorium)
Folding Chairs (Auditorium)
Handkerchief (Mr. Lester)
Handcuffs (Arnold)
Whip, rope (Arnold)

Harness (Tommy)
Ball and Chain (Heather)
Pencils, paper (Heather)
Safety Patrol belt (Arnold)
Medals, sword (Arnold)
Heavy chain (Arnold)
Note (Mr. Arnold)

ACT TWO

Sandbags, Litter (Classroom)
Helmet, Swagger Stick (Arnold)
White flag (Heather)

Stool (Classroom)
Pad, pencil, camera (Arnold)



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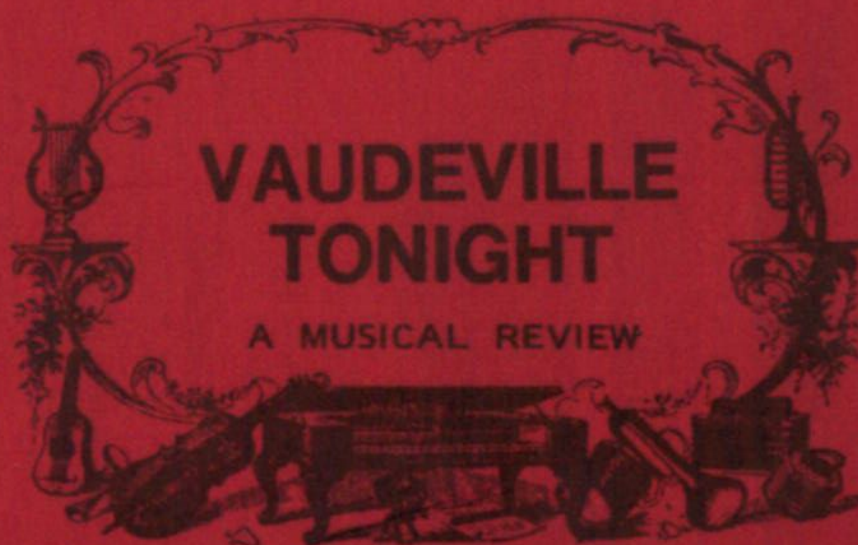
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